

## [\*\*Saint Sebastian by orphan\\_account\*\*](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Shapeshifters

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

Billy shoots a deer

## Saint Sebastian

Indiana was cold as shit, fuck Neil for dragging him to this hole of a place.

Billy had swiped his dads hunting bow and trudged out into the forest looking for something to shoot.

And now he'd found it.

Staring through the scope he lined up the shot, finger ready on the trigger. The world was silent as Billy watched the beautiful animal and.. He couldn't put words to it but..there was something..off It suddenly filled with sound again when a robin shot up though the undergrowth, his finger clenched the trigger as his body jerked at the sudden sound, losing he's footing on the icy ground "Shit" quickly scrambling up, The deer was gone vanish from where it had been only a split second ago "Shit" he run over to the spot whirling around "Fuck!" Why the hell had he hesitated it'd been a clean shot and.. something caught his eye.

A few yards away amongst the snowy forest landscape a single spot of pure red stands out against the white.

..He'd got it, .....He can still get it.

Billy jogs over to the spot of blood then sees the tracks and begins to follow them moving quickly with minimal sound, a few more spots of blood left a trail and then urrping sound cuts though the cold air and he sees it.

To the right still a fair distance away he can see the moving brown figure of it behind the trees and and frosted over brush, he slows his pace to a walk then, it's not going anywhere at least not quick.

he's halfway to it when the buck lets out another cry, he can hear the pain in this one, the strangled sound had an oddly human quality to it that made Billy grimace, at least he'll be putting the damn thing out misery soon.

As he neared he redrew his weapon and held it in front of him. if he'd still been looking at the ground he would of seen the tracks ...how they change.

Crossbow held ready Billy rounds the last tree.  
And startles.

It's not a deer it's a boy.

Naked and shivering on the cold ground covered in dirt and snow slush. Dark brown skin, No light brown, beige he's changing color right before Billy's very eyes.

He's white now porcelain and he's not a boy but man, or as much a man as Billy is they look about the same age. His got an angular face thick brown hair and skin speckled with tiny dots, his Beautiful. The end of the arrow sticks out from his middle, wound dribbling blood over his lower torso.

Billy can't help but think of a painting he saw years ago in church, of Saint Sebastian splayed out in Irene of Rome's arms.

He stares at him in utter bafflement crossbows still held up in front of him, frozen in his stance.

Form the ground the other boy takes labored pained breaths looking up at him weakly with scared eyes.

And Billy places what the strange something being off feeling he'd had before...

The deer had human eyes.

**Author's Note:**

If u like this idea and would like to write something similar feel free to.